EBEN HOLDEN

IRVING BACHELLER

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CHAPTER VI. HE lone pine stood in Brower's pasture, just clear of the woods. When the sun rose one could see its taper' shadstretching away to the foot of Woody ledge, and at sunset it lay like a fallen mast athwart the cow paths. its long top arm a flying pennant on the side of Bowman's hill. In summer this bar of shadow moved like a clock hand on the green dial of the pasture, and the help could tell the time by the slant of it. Lone pine had a mighty slant of it. Lone pine had a mighty girth at the bottom, and its bare body tapered into the sky as straight as an arrow. Uncle Eb used to say that its one long, naked branch that swung and creaked near the top of it, like a sign of hospitality on the highway of the birds, was 200 feet above ground. There were a few stubs here and there upon its shaft-the roost of crows and owls and hen hawks. It must have passed for a low resort in the feathered kingdom because it was only the robbers of the sky that halted on lone

This towering shaft of dead timber commemorated the ancient forest through which the northern Yaukees cut their trails in the beginning of the century. They were a tall, big fisted, braway lot of men who came across the Adirondacks from Vermont and began to break the green canopy that for ages had covered the valley of the St. Lawrence. Generally they drove a cow with them, and such game as they could kill on the journey supplemented their diet of "pudding and milk." Some settled where the wagon broke or where they had buried a member of the family, and there they cleared the forests that once covered the smooth acres

of today. Gradually the rough surface of the trail grew smoother until it became Paradise road, the well worn thoroughfare of the stagecoach, with its "inus and outs," as the drivers used to say the inns where the "men folks" sat in the firelight of the blazing logs after supper and told tales of adventure until bedtime, while the women sat with their knitting in the parlor and the young men wrestled in the stable yard. The men of middle age had stooped and massive shoulders and deep furrowed brows. Tell one of them he was growing old, and he might answer you by holding his whip in front of him and leaping over it between his hands.

There was a little clearing around settled in the valley. Its shadows, ap to shake them down. Then came "Dan't be coat collar behind.

The raw days of late October, when the "Tain't no bear. It's nuthin' but a spreading acres of his farm, and he wind a noisy night fleet that filled the kindly nature were equal to the burden. Mother and children were landed safely in their new home on Bowman's hill the day that David was eighteen.

I have heard the old folks of that country tell what a splendid figure of a man he was those days-six feet one in his stockings and broad at the shoulder. His eyes were gray and set unten the big man that laid hold of me and the broad, clean shaven, serious face that looked into mine the day I came to Paradise valley. As I write I can see plainly his dimpled chin, his large nose, his firm mouth that was the key to his character. "Open or shet," I have heard the old folks say, "it showed he was no fool."

After two years David took a wife and settled in Paradise valley. He prospered in a small way considered some thereabouts. In a few years he had cleared the rich acres of his farm to the sugar bush that was the north vestibule of the big forest. He had seen the clearing widen until he could discern the bare summits of the distant hills, and far as he could see were the neat white houses of the settlers. Children had come, three of them, the eldest a son who had left e and died in a far country long before we came to Paradise valley, the

I could not have enjoyed my new home more if I had been born in it. I had much need of a mother's tender-sess, no doubt, for I remember with what a sense of peace and comfort I lay on the 'ap of Elizabeth Brower that first evening and heard her singing as she rocked. The little daughter stood at her knees, looking down at me and patting my bare toes or reaching over to feel my face.

"God sent him to us, didn't he, moth-

'Maybe," Mrs. Brower answered. "We'll be good to him anyway." Then that old query came into my mind. I asked them if it was heaven

"No," they answered. "'Tain't anywhere near here, is it?"

Then she told me about the gate of death and began sowing in me the seed of God's truth, as I know now the seed of many harvests. I slept with Uncle Eb in the garret that night and for long after we came to the Browers'. He continued to get better to the work of the farm.

There was room for all of us in that ample wilderness of his imagination, and the cry of the swift woke its echoes every evening for a time. Bears and panthers prowled in the deep thickets, but the swifts took a firmer grip on us, being bolder and more terrible. Uncle Eb became a great favorite in the family, and David Brower came to know soon that he was "a good man to work" and could be trusted "to look after things." We had not been there long when I heard Elizabeth speak of git ye all stirred up. Ye go t' sleep. Nebemiah-her lost son—and his name Come mornin' we'll go down t' the was often on the lips of others. He was brook an' see if we can't find a mink a boy of sixteen when he went away, or tew 'n the traps."
and I learned no more of him until long I remember bearing a great crackling

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JOHN SEBASTIAN,

I expect to leave for California abo

Faraway I remember we went 'cross tened. A bent and aged figure came lots in a big box wagon to the orchard stalking into the firelight. His long There was a little clearing around on the hill and gathered apples that white hair mingled with his beard and that big pine tree when David Brower fell in a shower when Uncle Eb went covered his coat collar behind. wind-a noisy pirate fleet that filled the built his house some forty rods from the foot of it on higher ground. David our mittens and went down the windwas the oldest of thirteen children. ing cow paths to the grove of butter-His father had died the year before he nuts in the pasture. The great roof of came to St. Lawrence county, leaving the wilderness had turned red and fadhim nothing but heavy responsibilities.
Fortunately his great strength and his to show through, and then, in a day or said the poet, sitting down two, they were all bare but for some patches of evergreen. Great golden Uncle Eb inquired. drifts of follage lay higher than a man's head in the timber land about the clearing. We had our best fun them playing "I sny" in the groves.

Then playing "I sny" in the groves.

In that fragrant deep of leaves one might lie undiscovered a long time. He could hear roaring like that of water at every move of the finder, wallowing nearer and nearer possibly, in his search. Old Fred came generally rooting his way to us in the deep drift with

unerring accuracy. And shortly winter came out of the north and, of a night, after rapping at the windows and howling in the chimney and roaring in the big woods, took ssession of the earth. That was a time when hard cider flowed freely and recollection found a ready tongue among the older folk, and the young enjoyed many diversions, including measles and whooping cough.

the days that were sweetened with the sugar making. When of the poem, and here it is: the sun was lifting his course in the clearing sky and March had got the temper of the lamb and the frozen pulses of the forest had begun to stir. the great kettle was mounted in the yard and all gave a hand to the washng of spouts and buckets. Then came tapping time, in which I helped carry the buckets and tasted the sweet flow that followed the auger's wound. The woods were merry with our shouts, and hortly one could hear the heartbeat of the maples in the solnding bucket. It was the reveille of spring. Towering trees shook down the gathered storms of snow and felt for the sunlight. The arch and shanty were repaired, the

great iron kettle was scoured and lifted

to its place, and then came the bolling. It was a great, an inestimable privilege to sit on the robes of faded fur in the shanty and hear the fire roaring under the kettle and smell the sweet odor of the boiling sap. Uncle Eb minded the shanty and the fire, and the woods rang with his merry songs. When I think of that phase of the sughring I am face to face with one of the greatest perils of my life. My foster father had consented to let me spend a night with Uncle Eb in the shanty, and I was to sleep on the robes, where he would be beside me when he was not i ading and was shortly able to give his hand the fire. It had been a mild, bright day, and David came up with our supper at sunset. He sat talking with Uncle Eb for an hour or so, and the woods were

darkling when he went away. When he started on the dark trail that led to the clearing I wondered at his courage-it was so black beyond the firelight. While we sat alone I plead for a story, but the thoughts of Uncle Eb had gone to roost early in a sort of

gloomy meditation. "Be still, my boy," said he, "an' go t sleep. I ain't a-goin' t' tell no yarns an'

of twigs in the dark wood before I | be in the presidential chair. Folks here slept. As I lifted my head Uncle Eb 'n the valley think o' nuthin' but hard or more after we came to whispered "Hark!" and we both lis-

much and had a rhyme for every onea kindly man, with a reputation for laziness and without any home. "B'llin', eh?" said the poet.

"B'llin'," said Uncle Eb "I'm b'ilin' over 'n the next bush,"

"How's everything in Jingleville?" Then the newcomer answered:

Fer

"Cur'us how you can talk po'try." sald Uncle Eb. "The only thing I've

got ag'in you is them whiskers an' thet hair. 'Tain't Christian." 'Tain't what's on the head, but what's in it - thet's the important thing," said the poet. "Did I ever tell

ye what I wrote about the birds?" "Don' know 's ye cle Eb, stirring his are. "The boy'll like it taking a dirty piece of . pocket and holding it to the fight.

The poem interested me, young as I was, not less than the strange figure of the old poet who lived unknown in the backwoods and who died, I dare say, with many a finer song in his heart. F all that long season of snow I remember how he stood in the I remember most pleasantly light and chanted the words in a singsong tone. He gave us that rude copy

> THE ROBIN'S WEDDING. Young robin redbreast hed a beautiful nest, an' he says to his love, says he: "It's ready now on a rocking bough
> In the top of a maple tree.
> I've lined it with down an' the velvet

They were married next day in the land o' the hay, and the ladybird an' he.
The bobolink came and the wife o' the

same.

An' the lark an' the fiddle de dee.

An' the crow came down in a minister gown—there was nothing that he didn't see.

amed an' he hawed an' he hawked

an' he cawed,

But he couldn't deliver a note.

The swallow was there, an' he ushered each pair, with his linsey an' clawhammer coat.

The bobolink tried fer t' fiirt with the bride in a way thet was sassy an' hold, An' the notes that he took as he shivered

an' shook
Hed a sound like the jingle of gold.
He sat on a brier an' laughed at the choic
an' said thet the music was qid. The sexton he came-Mr. Spider by name -a citizen hairy and gray. His rope in a steeple, he called the good

people That live in the land o' the hay. The ants an' the squgs an' the crickets an' bugs came out in a mighty array.

me came down from Barleytown an' the neighboring city o' Rye, the little black people they climbed every steeple
An' sat looking up at the sky.
They came fer t' see what a wedding might be, an' they furnished the cake an' the pie.

I remember he turned to me when he had finished and took one of my small thoughtfully, but hands and held it in his hard palm and him up fer a foo feit." looked at it and then into my face. "Ah, boy," he said. "your way shall lead you far from here, and you shall get learning and wealth and win many

"What nonsense a: Feary?' said Unc.



this boy ain't a-goin' t' be wuth putty on a farm. Look a' them slender Ly Louisville

"There was a man come to me the " Nicholasville other day an' wanted t' hev a poeta bout his wife, that hed jes' died. I ast him t' tell me all 'bout her. "- Wasl,' said he after he had scratch-

ed his head an' thought a minute, 'she was a dretful good woman t'ework.' "'Anything else?' I asked. "He thought ag'in fer a minute.

"'Broke her leg once,' he said, 'an' vas laid up fer more'n a year.' "'Must 'a' suffered,' said I.

"'Not then,' he answered, 'Ruthe enjoyed it layln' abed an' readin' an bein' rubbed, but 'twas hard on the children." "'Spose ye loved her,' I said.

"Then the tears come into his eyes," an' he couldn't speak fer a minute. Holden.

Kind o' out o' tune with everyboly I Ky know. Allwus quarreled with my own folks, an' now I ain't got any home. Some day I'm goin' t' die in the be house er on the ground under these woods. But I tell ye"-here he spoke in a voice that grew loud with feeling- Georgetown and Lexington Trac-"mebbe I've been lazy, as they say, but I've got more out o' my life than any o' these fools. An' some day God'il hou-

or me far above them. "I know Dave Brower's folks la rot p. m. Leave Paris every hour from 7 brains an' decency, but when thet boy a, m. to 8 p. n is old enough t' take core o' himself fare 40 cents let him git out o' this country. I tell ye he'll never make a farmes, an' if he

and buttoning his old coths he walk-

ed away.

RAILROAD TABLES Lexington & Eastern R'y LOCAL TIME TABLE.

Effective Oct. 16th, 1904.

	WEST	1 ound	
		No. 1 Daily Ex, Sunday	No. 3 Daily Ex. Sund
	St. Dr. Barrier	AM.	P.N.
v Ja	ekson,	6. 5	2.25
0	& K. Junet	ion 6 29	2.30
Be	attyville J	on 7.26	3.26
To	rrent, .	7.47	3.47
Na	tural Bridg	e. 8.01	4.01
Sta	anton.	8 28	4.30
CI	ay City.	8.37	4.39
11.	inchester	9.23	5.20
r Le	xington,	10.10	6.05
	STATE OF BUILDING		A CONTRACTOR

ar Dexington,	10.10	CONTRACTOR OF THE PARTY OF THE
East	Bound	
	No. v. daily ex. Sunday P M	No. 4- Balty Ex. Sunday A M
Ly Lexington,	2.25	7.45
Winchester	3.10	8 25
Clay City.	8,56	9.13
Stanton,	4 06	9.23
Natural Bridge	4.35	9 54
Torrent,	4.49	10.08
Beattyville Ju	n. 5.11	10.29
O. & K. June.	6.11	11.26
Ar Jackson,	6.15	11.30

Nos 3 and 4 make close connection for Cannel City and points on Ohio & Kentucky Railway Division, daily except Sunday

Nos. 1 and 2 connect at L. & E. June ion with Chesapeake & Ohio for Mt Sterling and local points.

Trains Nes 1 & 2 connect at Beattyville Junction with L. & A. for Beatty

J. R. BARR, Gen. Mg'r. CHAS, SCOTT, G. P. A.

O. & K. RY

East I	tound.		West Bound.		
Mixed Frain.	Pass'r Train.	STATIONS.	Pass'r Frain	Mixed Train.	
AM- AR		The state of the s		PM. LV	
9:30		Jackson	11:20	3:00	
9:25		O&K. Juna.		3 - 3	
8:43	1:58	Wilherst	11:52	4-1	
8:32	1:52	Hampton	11:58	4:3	
7:50	1:28	Lee City	12:22	5:16	
7:E		Helachawa		5:11	
7	1:05	C City	12:45	5:4	
LV	PM. I			PM. AR	
2	bound			onnect	

ind Passenger Train connects & K. Junetion with train which arrives at Winchester 5:20 and Lexington at 8:05 p.m

Louisville & Atlantic Ry

M. L. Canter, Dupter

A STREET OF THE PERSON NAMED IN COLUMN TWO	ND.	
AND ARRESTS OF THE PARTY OF THE	A. M.	P. M.
Lv Jackson	6.25	2 25
Ly Beattyv lie Junction	10 80	3 30
Ar Beattyville		3 45
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	P. M.	
Ly Irvine	12 25	6 35
Ar Riehmond	1 30	7 85
		A, M,
Ly Richmond	1 35	6 00
Ar Valley View	2 03	6 28
" Nicholasville	2 27	6 55
" Versailles	8 25	7 55
" Louisville	6 15	10 45

A. . M. PM 7 40 3 50 Ar Versailles 10 15 6 31 11 00 7 16 " Valley View 11 24 Richmond 11 55 8.10 P. M. Ly Richmond 12 05 Tryine 1 05 Ar Beattyville Ly Beattyville 2 40 Ar Beattyville Junction 3 00 6 15 11 30

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marries an' settles down nere he'll git to a poet mebbe er some such shift to be a poet mebbe er some such shift lis, m. 1 p. m. 8 f. m and 40 p. m. less cuss an' die in the poorbouse. I have Georgetown erry hour from 6 guess I better git blue there belling in the poorbouse. I have Georgetown erry hour from 6 a. i.i. to 10 p. m., except a. m. 12 m. now. Good night, wising and 7 and 8 p. m. 12 m. School open all the year. Students can enter at any time. Seven experienced teachers, each one a specialist in his line.

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